

THE SACK OF EARTH.—A rich man had cheated a poor widow out of a field which had belonged to her husband, and which was the only property she had, in order to make his own garden larger. A day or two after the poor woman met him in that very field, with an empty sack in her hand. With tears in her eyes she said to him, "Sir, I wish you would give me just as much earth out of this field as would fill this sack." The man laughed and said, "I can't refuse such a foolish wish as that." The widow filled the sack with earth, and then said, "And now, sir, I am going to ask you to help me to lift this on to my shoulder?"

The man had no wish to do this, but the widow begged him so hard that he was obliged to give way. But when he tried to lift the sack, he found it was too heavy for him to move. He told the widow so and she said, "Oh, sir, if you find only one sack of earth too heavy, how will you be able to bear the weight of this field, which holds a thousand times as much earth, upon your conscience at the day of judgment?" The man trembled at these words, and gave her land back to her again.

—A gentleman not in the habit of giving money to street beggars was importuned by an old "colored person," to whom he only shook his head. But as he took a few steps, it occurred to him that the man was old and infirm and ought to be helped. So returning and giving him a small coin, he remarked, "I give you this for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ; do you know him?" "I've not acquainted with Him, sah." It is no wonder atheism exists when the eye of the soul is not opened, and superstition when the light of the intellect is darkened.

Children's Department.

THE RAINING TREE.

"Well, I know better than that. It's not so, is it?" said little George Gillespie, running into the room where his sister Mary sat sewing.

"What is that you say is not so?"

"Why, cousin Alice says there are trees that rain real rain. I know she must be mistaken. It can't be so, is it?"

"Yes, brother, she is right."

"What, are there trees that rain real water?" said he, opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"You know that big chest that is upstairs that has got the magazines and papers in that Uncle George used to take when he was a boy?"

"Yes."

"Well, one day we were looking among them and in one of the Children's Guests we saw a piece about it. It said that in some island, I have forgotten where, there are no wells and it does not rain very often, but in the midst of the island there is a tree that is so full of sap that it comes out of the leaves and falls so fast that the folks set tubs and pails to catch the water. So the people have water to drink, and they call it the raining tree."

"Well, that is curious."

"Yes, for if it was not for that tree all the folks would die."

"I think God is good, don't you?"

"Yes. You know the Bible says, 'The Lord is good to all and His mercies are over all His works.'"

MOVING MOUNTAINS.

"Mamma, if people can move mountains by faith, why don't they do it now?"

"They do, Lucy. I knew a little girl who once moved a very big one out of my way."

"Oh, mamma, do tell me about it."

"When I was about ten years old, I went to a pretty village to spend the summer. Of course I went to Sunday-school, too, and I liked all the girls very much, except one called Jessie Muir. But Jessie dressed very poorly, and was not a bit stylish; still she always had her lessons perfect, and her teacher was very fond of her. When the summer was nearly over, I had not spoken a dozen words to Jessie. On Sunday the teacher told us our lesson would be on this very subject, but I thought nothing more about it until the next

Sunday morning. Then, I had no time to study it. I had to get my breakfast and dress, and when I flounced from the gate in my new blue silk and white chip hat, I was thinking far more of what the girls would say about my new suit than about my lesson. Jessie was just passing as I came out, and as it was a long way to church, and as I felt like patronizing somebody, I said, 'Good morning, Jessie Muir!'

"'Good morning,' she answered pleasantly; and after we had walked together awhile, she asked, 'Have you learned your lesson?'

"'No; I can't make anything out of it,' I said carelessly; 'can you?'

"'I can make three things of it.'

"'Can you? What are they?'

"'First, that I must have faith in Christ's love and power. Second, that we do not need to move mountains of earth. Third, that there are mountains we must move if we would be Christians.'

"'What do you mean, Jessie?' I asked petulently.

"'Why, just this: that every sin is a mountain between us and heaven; and they are not mountains to us alone, but to every one around us.'

"'I felt my face getting red, as I said, 'I suppose you see a great many mountains in me.'

"'It is always easy to see other's faults. Do you want me to tell you what I think is your greatest?'

"'Well,' I said, with a touch of anger, 'what is it?'

"'Pride,' replied Jessie, gently. 'Don't you want to move it, Annie?'

"'I don't know how,' I said, in a low voice.

"'Whatever you ask in My name I will do it. That is what Jesus says. O, Annie, I wish you would ask him!'

"'I guess it does not make any difference to you, Jessie, whether I get rid of my pride or not.'

"'Yes, it does, Annie, for you have no right to be a mountain in my way.'

"'I am not,' I answered, angrily.

"'Oh, yes you are, Annie; for when I see you proud and scornful, you make me sin in wishing for things my dear mother can't get me—you make me discontented, and you make me think unkind things about you. I suppose some of the other girls feel just that way too.'

"'I did not answer Jessie, then, for we were at the church door; but I thought a great deal of what she said, and I tried from that hour to conquer my foolish pride.'

"'But it is very hard to move mountains of sin, mamma!'

"'Yes, darling, with us it is impossible; but we can do all things if we ask Christ to help us.'

A HINT FOR BOYS.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

What is it they ought to know then?

1. To be true, to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action, rather than, being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false at heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

2. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper, who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry, "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comfort of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from early childhood. To be industrious always and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that

an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things; when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG.—Zeno, the philosopher, meeting with a young man who had an unusually exalted opinion of himself, and was always too ready to usurp conversation and give an opinion, said to him, "Recollect, young man, that nature has given us two ears, but only one mouth, to inform us that we should be more ready to hear than to speak."

A French writer remarks that "the modest deportment of those that are truly wise, when contrasted with the young and inexperienced, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, when the ear is empty, holds up its head proudly; but as soon as it is filled with grain bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation."

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.—I want to give you two or three rules, and one is:

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is:

Speak your words plainly. Do not mutter nor mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

A third is:

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and, oh! children, remember it all your lives:

Think three times before you speak once!

Have you something to do which you find hard, and would prefer not to do? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first, and get it over. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first, and play afterwards. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

THE BOY MISSIONARIES.—In the Clapham Sunday school, one day, when the teacher was showing whether the heathen live, the boys said, "We want to be missionaries right away."

"Then see how many children you can find in the streets who are not taught to do right. Bring them to school next Sunday."

"I know one little boy that plays marbles all Sunday," said one.

"A boy pushed me in the gutter as I went by his home," said another. "He did not know any better, poor fellow!"

"Those are the very boys to bring to school," said the teacher.

So all the scholars were missionaries that week. One went for those that played marbles; another spoke to a sick boy sitting on a step in the inn, and a third begged the one who pushed him into the gutter, to come to school, telling him about the pictures on the wall and the hymns they sing.

The next Sunday the new boys had a very happy time. How many new scholars can you bring next Sunday?

—That boy was a true philosopher who, when he lost his kite, thought he would cry about it, but immediately after concluded not to, and went home whistling, when asked if he wasn't sorry to lose his treasure he replied;—"Yes, but I can't fool away much time in being sorry; I'm just going to make a new one, and I guess a better one." A great many full grown men haven't learned that lesson yet. When they have spilt their milk on the ground they sit down close by the wet spot and dilute the lost lacteal fluid with briny tears. It instead of this repining, they would only move around they would soon find another and a bigger cow wanting to be milked. Don't sulk, because it won't pay.